IV. ‘Nature’s bequest gives nothing’

CALL:

Selfish – though lovely. You, removing yrself frm circulation, like a Prynne poem, when the market craves the body of yr works. The words plus the body. How sore will nature take it when she sees this loan of hers, utterly squandered, on no one but you you you. Whilst yr readership, me, wastes in waiting on a note, a lovely look, a smile. & it’s not up to you to waste love: a common gift from our first parents. When you die no one will look you up in the book of time, no one will know to – except me. Better treat me better!

RESPONSE:

Called to all accounts – to take & make them – I’ll claim my principal exemption:

a) You see, I’m all about the 0-sum, the close closed economy – you-4-me – paid back perhaps with poor low sum-increase, but much much intense appreciation.

b) Not quite cool withdrawn from circulation, but off the common torpid currents, & out of others’ books, regulatory looks, the cumulative flux of a cruel excess accreditation.

c) Does it matter much, this?

d) The hot demand for paper kisses, plastic contacts, quicklick digits?

It only only lovely matters: bodies dear, full & frank outside their eager traffic e our tendered investment.
VI. ‘That use is not forbidden’

CALL:

I long to be that mouth that sings or viol
that plays — distilling spring of music — to be
strained daily, drunk to excess.
A treasured source wch secretly stores up
the past in All. [Sweet.] Happiness.
multiplying sweetness there. From one
to 10 wth such surfeiting. Sweets
beyond sweet. Too hard not to have you
be here after all then.
Or fine. Pursue beyond bound our pleasure
turned pain — for you are too self-willed.
Too full of self. Impossible. Nothing
left but to make my bed amongst dust.

RESPONSE:

Then out of the eater-eaten comes out
sweet AND sweetly, AND sweet still-sweeter still —
bees AND worms AND breeding — head to head AND
bound by bitter egg-white albumin, AND
squeezed to the hatching, squeezed “to the power of”.

Each worm produces 3 cocoons per week.

About 3 worms then emerge AND sweetly
quick to full maturity AND breeding.
Sordid earthgains AND offspring off from friends:
worms beyond worms AND all so interested.
Just how it always went, out in the dust.
It’s selfish economics up for lovely gain:
let’s make worms’ meat — sweet sweet — beyond the bitter end.
XXIII. ‘O! learn to read what silent love...’

CALL:

Hear the blue penumbra black of my heart; see the sugared salty sounds of wanting.

See as no words come but [BLANK] heard; [BLANK] wet-typed on tacky ribbons.

These ecstatics, only legible to some MobRat synesthete, KoobFace coder, some touch translator, reading th’ hot press, alive to the impress, live to contact, o! alert to long a long decryption: filling out hungry hungry blanks; going o deft i’the gasps — [BLANK] — spoken — [BLANK] — ineloquent silence & more than tongues; [BLANK] E, in absence. Put out beside itself, each erred-word says it wants you

RESPONSE:

I fear to trust — I will not say how true or untrue — but like a bud bit by a worm, too soon! such blanks & secret sounds so far from absence would I fear force discovery if but put to tongues wagging, lips sealing where you set your press, yr most impressive mail.

These ecstatic gaps these silences won’t wring, dear E, a word from me, or grasp after the last gasp for more when you are pressed apart (not one, but two). So lovely looks of love, & sugared-over breast, unperfect actor-ing, you plead dumbly.

Tho set your pen at rest, E wants you too.
XXIX. ‘Haply I think on thee...’

CALL:

Content can’t take this constant tension, E.
I’m strung so out that every eyelet yawns, and This man,
This man he, all attent and so attentive to the every tug
and so expectant: it’s not that I’m ignored, but, E, kinaesthetised, kinaesthetised
cute to the current, woof to the webwork. Not in disgrace, not all alone, not so
bootless. Yet discontent, extenuous out out to each’n’every other. & yet not you.
& I think of you and and it does seem and & it does seem to hymn such wealth brings
charged by

kings arising
haply haply

terr if ic al ly dis con tent ed, E.

RESPONSE:

Within the scope of my eye line you seem
outside my scope of choice, within the book
and volume of my pretty brain, unmixed
with baser matter, still here fairly
waiting, lies a part, my fair according
voice, & waiting

waiting waiting waiting

waiting, all alone & will. Yet
& does need you. Yet not so
discontent, no. I no longer
strive to strive toward such lengths, but
aesthetised aesthetised O.

Tho I do think of you wishing me
like, & it does seem disgrace-
fully, risibly content to do so.
L. ‘How heavy do I journey on the way...’

CALL:

Such lengthy lag in transit, dragged out from complex transfer, held with such suspicious stuff hugged among my plasti-rapt language: shots of true dopamine; sharp metallic memories of ev’ry hazardous hit. And yes, others did interfere with my mulish baggage, riffling every suit in every softlocked case, High fees for awesome excess, snagged by unseen add-ons. And I’m all pulled-up by customs, gone strip-lit to my gate. Every mile & I’m such an over-wrought metaphor in tenuous measures of nicest plod. & thus & far for miles, & measure-up – fine & final-called - $E$, & behind me, joy

RESPONSE:

Miles from me, E, I do not love it where without some word you are not bearing the loss of me not heavy handed with fear not plucking from me the heart not fretting to make me fret.

In sharpest terms, how can I sound the words to make it stop that would be stopped by you? Instead you trip your weekends & I’m left behind. You & your love. As is the custom. Leaving me nothing ahead nor to look forward to, nor to have nor hold from this day. Nothing excessive, nothing to pay. Nothing neither here nor there. Only these lines: lengths I go too far to keep near.
CXXX. ‘My mistress’ eyes’

CALL:

And now you’re laced-up, love, in this serous membrane:
   my word to yr matter; fascia to yr form.
Comparison comes as softest simile-wad,
   metaphor as fibroblast, deep down the dermis,
   in cadent lines of hot connective collagen.
   I’ve got twelve descriptive digits twined to yr scalp,
   hushed by yr coral lips, hush’d by yr sunlit eyes.

   O, as areolar, & as adipose, E!

No-thing fu-cking like. & not that it matters-much;
   it’s all just Odious Stuff. Take yr transverse arch,
   instep down, & grind to a truly trodden ground:
   love tucks-up the talus, & I’m hard to yr heel,
   locked against yr anklebone, turned on the tender-
   keystone; and when you write - E - plant yr plenum down.

EL

RESPONSE:

You’ve got me not sleeping with your serous
   metre, yre not meeting my present
   matter, silent scattered strophes. Why
   your fibers are so far apart frm here
   there is ample space to amble (with a
   single instep stuffed).
   All that inter-
   stitial fluid, wanton wanting blood.

I would have new uptake on these new(s)
   nutrients. But epithelial
   the epithet, proto-
   zoic, the prologue,
   without consequence the cadence. If only
   you would sit still & write kind.

   Or be truly hard at my heels,
   sensing sense, bound beyond bound.

EC
REPLY I OF II:

My mistress’ eyes – just like – are G-Dwarf Stars,  
are perfect-plasma, solar-dynamos,  
pulling just like magnets, just like & like,  
like Maxwell said in 1855  
["On Faraday’s Lines O Lines of Force"]  
& Ohm, of voltage & intensity:  
if only E were just like E.

Yr eyes  
clean burn through my blindside bluesky scatt’ring,  
yr every yellowlook, whitehot hooks,  are  
Class-V luminous & fusingfusing.
You’ve got me too, brightbound beyond boundaries,  
locked in yr convective hydrogen-heart.
But I can’t meet this, meekly. Or do this, kindly.
Can’t quite admit this sense or snag, snag to yr simile

REPLY II OF II:

If only I would sit & sit still,  
& kindly kindly turn. But my each eye burns,  
burns’n’burns among the phototoxins.
As one kind-glance, that looked to like,  
– like the sun, like coral, snow like rosebuds –  
scorched spots of solar retinopathy.

My sight was dim, an hour decay’d, vanish’d.
I can’t write can’t read but shut myself up  
dark-for-days diverting hot-hot sunspots.

There appeared a company of crows, crows  
together in the air.  
At first I did believe I saw a company of crows, flying  
in air.  
What is happening to me (& to my eyes)?

Yr eyes, in some-some sense,  are something-like some-sun.

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Emily Critchley is the author of Ten Thousand Things (UEA: Boiler House Press) and a selected writing: Love / All That / & OK (London: Penned in the Margins). She is also editor of Out of Everywhere 2: Linguistically Innovative Poetry by Women in North America & the UK (Reality Street, 2016). Critchley is Senior Lecturer in English and Creative Writing at the University of Greenwich, London

Eric Langley works as a lecturer at UCL, publishing academic writing on Shakespeare and period conceptions of interiority: his first monograph Narcissism And Suicide in Shakespeare and his Contemporaries was published by Oxford University Press in 2009, and his second - Shakespeare's Contagious Sympathies: Ill Communications - is coming out later this year. His first poetry collection, Raking Light, was published by Carcanet in 2017 and was shortlisted for the Felix Dennis Prize for Best First Collection at that year’s Forward Prizes. A pamphlet of sonnets, written in dialogue with Emily Critchley, is forthcoming from Crater Press